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SEVEN CHORUSES

From

ALCESTIS of EURIPIDES

Set to Music

For

Voices, Harp and three Flutes

By

Gustav Holst

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Work Projects Administration

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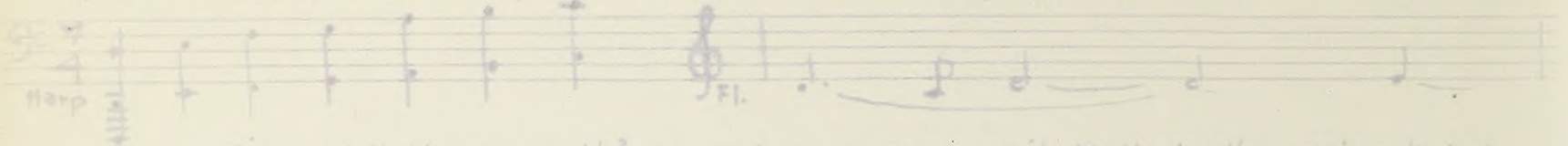
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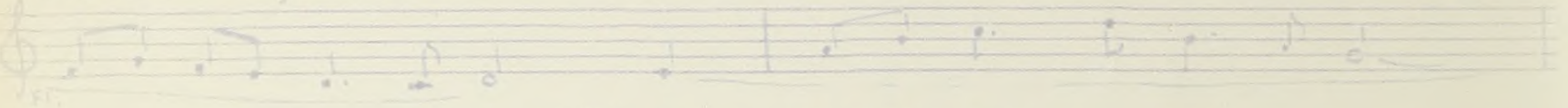
# Seven Choruses

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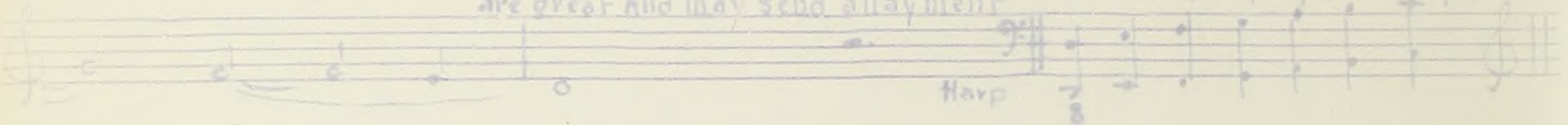
(spoken) O Zeus, what escape and where From the evil thing? How break the snare that is



round our King? Ah list! One cometh? no. Let us no more wait: Make dark our raiment And



Hear this hair. Aye, friends! 'Tis so, even so. Yet the gods  
are great And may send allay ment



To Prayer, to Prayer!



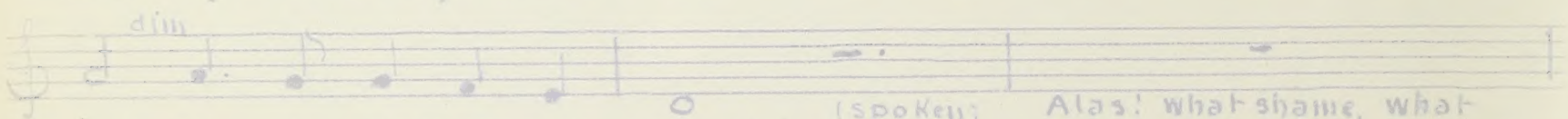
O Pai. an wise! some heal. ing of this home de. vise, de. vise! Find



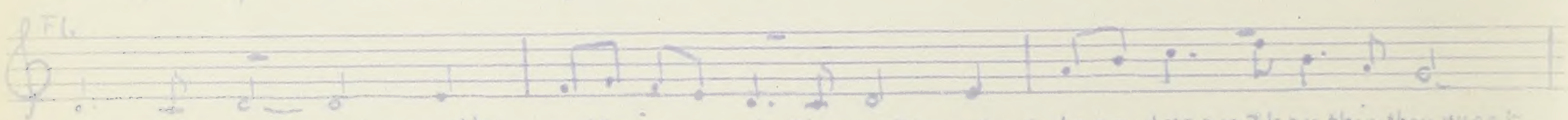
find— Oh, long a-go when we were blind Thine eyes saw mer-cy find some



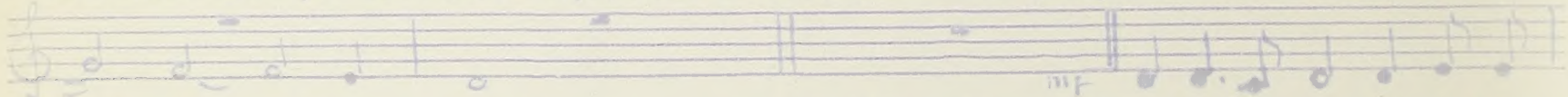
heal. ing breath! A-gain, O Pai - an, break the chains that



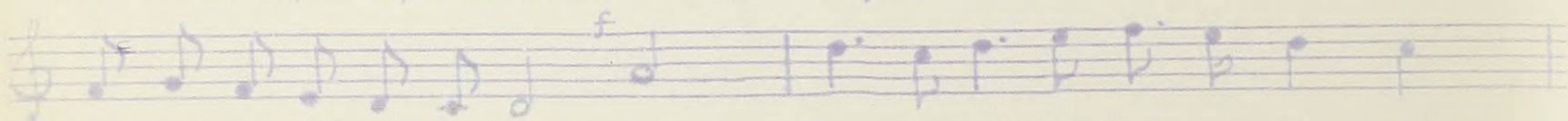
bind; stay the red hand of Death! (spoken) Alas! what shame, what  
dread, Thou Phere's son,



shalt be harvested when thy wife is gone! Ah me! For a deed less dread Than this thou ruest  
men have died for sorrow: Aye, hearts have bled. 'Tis she; not as men say dear,



But the dearest, truest, shall live ere morrow Be fore thee dead! But lo! Once more! She and her



hus-band mov-ing to the door! cry, cry, And thou, O land of Phe- rae



heark-en! The bra-vest of wo. men sink-eth, per-ish-eth,



un-der the green earth, down where the shadows dark-en, Down to the House of Death!



## III



Kine from out the man-ger And the sheep from off the  
fawns he would em- bold-en, Nap-pled dan-cers, out a-

lea, And love was up-on Oth-rys at the sound.  
long The sha-dow by the pine-tree's side.

3. And those ma-gic pipes a-blow-ing Have ful-  
4. He hath o-pened wide his dwell-ing To the

-filled thee in thy reign By thy lake with-  
stran-ger, though his ruth For the dead was-

ho-ney flow-ing, By thy sheep-folds and Thy  
fresh and wel-ling, For the loved one of his

grain; Where the sun turns his steeds To the  
youth. 'Tis the braye heart's cry: "I will

twi- light, All the meads of mo- los-sus Know thy  
fail not, though I die!" Doth it win, with no man's

sow-ing And thy ploughs up-on the plain.  
tell-ing, Some high vis-ion of the truth?

3rd. yea, and east-ward thou art free To the

4th. we may mar-vel, yet I trust, When man

por-tals of the sea, And Pe-li-on, the un-

seek-eth to be just And to pit-y them that wan-der,



( III )  
-5-

har.boured, is but min-is. ter to thee.

God will raise him from the dust.

Fine

IV

Andante

Ah me! Fare - well, un- falteringly brave! Fare.

well, thou gen-er-ous heart and true! May Plu. to give thee wel.come due, And

Her.mes love thee in the grave, what, e'er of blessed life there be For

high souls to the dark-ness flown, Be

thine for e- ver, and a throne Be. side the crowned Per-

se- phon. ê.

cresc.

1 5



# V

-6-

Moderato

Fl. *mf* Ad. 'Tis

vance, ad.vance: Till the house shall give thee cov. er.  
 Fate 'Tis Fate: She is strong and none shall break her. No

Thou hast borne heavy things And meet for la- ment - la - tion Thou hast  
 end, no end, wilt thou lay to la- men. ta - tions? En-

passed, hast passed Thro' the deep-est of the Riv- er yet  
 dure and be still Thy la- ment- ing will not wake her. There be

no help comes to the sad and si- lent  
 min. ny be- fore thee who have suf- fered and had

na- tion. And the face of thy be- lov- ed,  
 pa- trience Though the face of sor- row chang- eth,

it shall meet thee ne- ver, ne. ver!  
 yet her hand is on all na- tions.

# VI

Andante

(spoken) I have sojourned in the Muse's land Have wandered  
 seeking for strength, and in my hand Held all

with the wandering star,  
 philosophies that live;

yet no thing could I hear nor see strong-er than

That which needs must Be. No or- phic rune, No



Thra-cian scroll, Hath ma-gic ——— to a-vert the mor-row: No  
 heal-ing all those med-i-cines brave A-pol-lo to the As-cle-pi-ad gave; Pale  
 herbs of com-fort in the bowl of man's wide sor-row.  
 (spoken) she hath no temple, she alone, nor image where a man may kneel;  
 No blood upon her altar stone crying shall make her hear nor feel.  
 I know thy great-ness: come not great Be-yond my  
 dreams, O Power of Fate! Aye, zeus him-self shall not un-  
 -close His pur-pose save by thy de-cern-ing. The  
 chain of iron, the Scy-thi-an sword, It yields and shiv-ers at thy word; Thy  
 heart is as the rock, and knows no ruth, nor turn-ing.  
 (Spoken) Her hand hath caught thee; yea, the Keeping Of iron fingers grips thee round.  
 Be still, Be still. Thy noise of weeping shall raise no lost one from the ground.  
 Nay, e-ven the Sons of God are part-ed at last from  
 joy, and pine in death.. oh, dear on earth when all did love —



## VI


8

her, oh dear-er, lost be-yond re-co-ver: Of  
 wo-men all the bravest hearted Hath pressed thy lips and  
 breathed thy breath.  
 Let not the earth that lies up-on her Be deemed a grave mound of the dead.  
 Let honour, as the Gods have hon-our, Be hers, till  
 men shall bow the head, And strangers, climbing from the ci-ty—  
 Her slant-ing path, shall muse and say: "This  
 wo-man died to save her lo-ver, And li-veth blest, the  
 stars a-bove her: Hail,— Ho-li-ly one,—  
 and grant thy pi-ty!"— so pass the  
 won-d'ring words a-way









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